

木樨国际诗歌译丛

荣誉总编·张智 | 总编·李正栓

高水RAINWATER

木樨颜 王舒怡 译 Translated by Brent Yan and Wang Shuyi





朱慧敏

河北师范大学硕士研究生,主要研究领域为英 美文学、英语教育、文学翻译。已在天津外国 语大学学报等期刊发表多篇论文,主持和参与 多项课题,获得第十二届全球"百人百译"汉

英翻译大赛一等奖等。

Zhu Huimin, is MA candidate at the School of Foreign Studies in Hebei Normal University. Her areas of research include British and American literature, English education and literary translation. She has published many papers in journals like Journal of Tianjin Foreign Studies University. She has presided over and participated in many projects, and has won lots of prizes, such as the first prize of the 12th "Hundred People Hundred Translation" Global Translation Competition.



颜莉

英语教师,国家二级心理咨询师,苏州大学翻译学专业硕士研究生,获得国际TESOL和英国剑桥TKT证书,发表论文数篇,参译《中国历代典藏故事精选》《英译乐府诗精华》《诗之光:中国当代非主流诗人诗选》。

Yan Li is an English teacher and a national second-class psychological consultant. She got her master degree of Translation Studies from Soochow University. She is a member of TESOL and got the certificate TKT from Cambridge English Language Assessment Part of the University of Cambridge. She has published several academic research papers and participated in the translation of Selections of Classical Chinese Tales, Gems of Yuefu Ballads and Muse of Light: Selected Translations of Some Minor Poets of Contemporary China.



51288



RAINWATER

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木樨颜 王舒怡 译

EDITED BY ZHU HUIMIN & YAN LI

主编

朱慧敏

副主编

颜 莉



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Printed in the United States of America 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 First Printing: March 22, 2022 Total Characters: 226,110

ISBN: 979-8-42951-009-5

<u>总</u> 略 编 语

现代诗歌在海外的面貌如何?这是一个经常叩击当代中国诗人的问题。他们当中能够直接阅读外语诗歌的并不在多数,这时候就需要借助于翻译,所幸我们还有不少诗刊开辟了海外诗歌的译介栏目。翻译是传播的基础,传播是翻译的目的。然而,从这些诗刊中的少量译介——有时并非当代诗歌——勾连出一幅当代世界诗歌图景,却仍是一件苦差。

此时,张智主编的《国际诗歌翻译》(Rendition of International Poetry)潜入脑海浮上眼帘。是张智中博士引荐我认识了张智博士。这个刊物原名《世界诗人》(The World Poets Quarterly),1995年由张智、余海涛、蔡丽双和露丝玛丽·威尔金森联合创办,已有将近30年办刊史,是世界上唯一一本多语版当代诗歌选萃翻译季刊。兼任执行总编的张智博士自创刊至今,秉持其兼容并包的办刊理念,先后聚集了杨成虎(杨虚)、张智中、杨宗泽、樱娘、殷晓媛、颜海峰(木樨颜)、童天鉴日、石永浩、马婷婷、丁立群、林巧儿等翻译家担任客座总编,出刊总计106期,译介中国和世界各地诗人4000余人,翻译诗歌11000余首,总计约20万行2000万字。同时,翻译和出版了来自30多个国家的诗人的诗集、选集400余部,涉及的语种达20多种,传播了中国诗歌文化,译介了全世界优秀诗歌,真正地做到了国际文化交流和世界文明互鉴。通过《国际诗歌翻译》(Rendition of

International Poetry)季刊,一些中国诗人曾获得希腊、巴西、美国、以色列、法国、印度、意大利、奥地利、黎巴嫩、马其顿、科索沃、孟加拉、日本等国文学奖。这个平台,在选诗方面,力求紧跟国际、主从兼容;在诗人选择上,敢于发现新秀;在地域方面,照顾全球性;在译诗方面,多为名家名译,我本人也经常接受张智博士分配的任务。他追求精益求精,使刊物成为了解国际诗歌写作生态、培养当代诗歌翻译名家的独一无二的平台。

在这个刊物上"供职"已经十年的客座总编颜海峰(笔名木樨颜),出身书香门第,受其身为乡村教师的祖父影响尤深,自幼浸淫四书五经。他品学兼优,为人正直,诗情肆意,干劲十足,是一个罕见的优秀青年。他硕士期间师从已故典籍英译大家汪榕培教授,进行过大量翻译实践,培养了治学严谨的作风,博士期间又拜入著名诗人、翻译家汪剑钊门下,从事欧美诗学、美国诗歌的研究。他总能受到灯塔的引领,行走诗歌美的光彩里,逐渐成为一个多面手。他关心人与自然,关心社会百态,关注人生各个方面,热爱人民,热爱祖国的山山水水。他从事旧体诗创作30余年,出版有《一页水山》(A Page of Rill and Hill),也擅长新诗创作,著有《残忍月光》(Cruel Moon),其他原创诗歌和译作散见于《诗刊》《江南诗》等刊物,近年来出版译诗集已经有20余种。他号召力极强,2021年起策划总编"东西文翰大系",仅仅一年已经出版了20多本图书,涉及多个语种,发行至数十个国家,产生了不错的海外影响。

他在《国际诗歌翻译》实践的十年中积累了大量译诗,先后 发表于该刊,今年天时地利人和,他打算将其汇总后编纂成不同 主题或体例的译诗集出版,取得了刊物总编张智博士的授权之 后他即邀请我担任总编,我很高兴。

译丛取名"木樨国际诗歌译丛",所选诗歌及译文全部选自于其过去十年在《世界诗人》(2020年改名《国际诗歌翻译》之后的译诗未纳入选编范围)担任客座总编时承担的翻译,总量近万行,如果按诗歌字数计算的通行规则(每10行为1000字),这相当于百万之数。这些零零散散的诗歌既有英译汉,也有汉译英,长短不一,而译者都能熟练而传情地翻译,这自然与译者的诗歌原创能力和曾经大量的翻译实践有着紧密的关系。海峰是个集创作、翻译和编辑为一体的杰出青年诗人翻译家。

面对数量如此之巨、时间跨度如此之大、诗歌类型如此之杂的"诗料",将其编撰成9本书并不容易。所幸,译者凭借其人脉优势迅速聚集起十多位编撰者,从高中教师到高校教授,从大学生到硕士生,每人各司其责,各选其题,仅仅3个月的时间,就让这一套译丛完成了定稿并陆续出版。效率之高不可谓不令人瞠目。需要强调的是,由于各自选题自有匠心,不同的选集会有一些相同的诗,这在所难免,也情有可原。如果硬性分割,互不重叠,恐怕难以体现编选者用心。优秀诗歌少量地同时编入不同名称种类诗集也属常见之态。

值得一提的是,这套丛书在美国亚马逊出版。众所周知,亚马逊网站发迹于图书,经过近30年的发展又回归图书,开拓了新式的图书出版模式,虽然尚不足以与兰登书屋等六大出版商为代表的传统出版业比肩,但也已经发出时代最强音。此次出版,是译者在出版策划方面的一次弄潮,也是其响应国家大政方针、

创新对外宣传方式、提高国际传播能力、主动塑造中国形象、发出中国话语声音的积极探索。

作为总编,能见证并监督这么一套丛书的出版发行,我深感责任之重大,因为这套丛书意义之深远。首先,这套书能展现译者的十年成长,从这些译诗中不难发现译者在译笔的流畅度和译词选择方面的演绎;其次,这套书能在某种维度展现过去十年国际诗歌写作的发展,虽然这些诗可能只是国际诗坛之一管;再次,据我所知,这可能是第一套当代中国中年翻译家的翻译自选集,而且还是一个精于诗歌写作和翻译的诗人翻译家的译文系列——这也是名师出高徒最好的诠释。最后,也证明《国际诗歌翻译》总编张智博士的培养能力,是他为海峰等一批青年译家提供了展示能力的平台并真正具有国际视野和情怀并授权翻译权还鼓励海峰出版个人作品"全集"。我把这套书推荐给读者,希望你于此中发现一颗恒久的诗心。

李正栓 于海龙花园

General Editor's WORDS

What are the latest development and produce of poetry in the world? Indeed, this is a pressing question for Chinese poets, since only a few of them could directly respond to a poem written in a foreign language, and in most cases, they have to read renditions of poems to gain some insight. Fortunately, quite a number of poetry periodicals run columns to introduce and transmit foreign poems via translations of them. However, it remains an arduous and almost impossible mission to represent the panoramic view of world poetry with only a pitiful few translated versions of the selected poems, some of which are not "contemporary" at all.

On this occasion, I felt compelled to give its due honor to Rendition of International Poetry, formerly known as The World Poets Quarterly, the only multi-language quarterly of modern poems translation in the world. Since its first issue released in 1995, the periodical has run over 106 issues in nearly 30 years, introducing more than 4,000 poets to the readers and offering 11,000 translated versions of poems in 200,000 lines of 20 million words. It was through the introduction of Dr. Zhang Zhizhong, I personally came to know the executive editor-in-chief Dr. Zhang Zhi and the guiding principle for him to initiate this quarterly—"eclectic" for his poetry selection, therefore he had rallied around him world class poets, translators and professors, including Dr. Yu Haitao, Dr. Choi Laisheung and Dr. Rosemary C. Wilkinson as the founding fathers for this periodical, and later he invited a galaxy of translators as guest editors, including Yang Chenhu (Yang Xu), Dr. Zhang Zhizhong, Yang Zongze, Madam Cherry, Yin Xiaoyuan, Haifeng Yan (Brent Yan), Dr. Tongtian Jianri, Shi Yonghao, Ma Tingting, Ding Liqun and Lin Qiao'er. So far, it has translated and published poem collections

by poets from over 30 countries and 400 poem selections in more than 20 languages, serving as an intersection for international cultural exchange by introducing Chinese poems abroad and poems in other languages to the Chinese readers as well. Meanwhile, this periodical is a launchpad for some Chinese poets to gain international recognition and some have won the national literary awards from Greece, Brazil, US, Israel, France, India, Italy, Austria, Lebanon, the Republic of North Macedonia, Kosovo, Bengal, India, etc. In poem selection, Dr. Zhang insists on publishing the most up-to-date poems by both renowned and new poets from a wide range of countries and regions and the periodical has been especially appreciated for promoting new poets. In poem translation, Dr. Zhang Zhi holds quality first principle, and most of the translations are done by renowned translators—I myself have often been assigned translation tasks directly by him. It is for his constant aspiration for the premiumquality poems and translations that this quarterly has developed into a unique platform for Chinese poets and translators to gain knowledge of the latest poem writing trends in the world and to hone their translating skills.

Serving as one of the guest editors, Prof. Haifeng Yan (pennamed Muxi Yan in Chinese Pinyin, English name Brent Yan or B.O.Y) was born to a family of a profound literary tradition. For the influence of his grandfather, a country teacher, at a fairly early age, he was exposed to the backbone of Chinese ancient classics, namely "the four books and five classics", which had kindled his lasting interest in poetry and learning as a whole. Years later, this bright pupil of a scholarly grandfather grew into an upright, vigorous, and prodigiously gifted poet and scholar-it is very rare to have these shining qualities to be found collectively in one so young. In his postgraduate years for a MA degree, he had been trained by the late master translator of Chinese Classics, Prof. Wang Rongpei, with

whom, he had done a substantial amount of translation and developed a serious attitude towards it. In the DA phase, he had followed his famous poet translator supervisor Wang Jianzhao to delve deeper into the studies of European-American poetry, and American poetry in particular. If love of poetry is his "inner beacon", he is always walking in the beam of it. Besides these scholarly influences, he draws heavily on life, both on social and natural levels- on the one hand, he has shown much interest in social events and try to approach them from different aspects and on the other, love of his people and land is born in his vein, nourishing him all the while. Till now, he had been engaged in traditional Chinese poetry writing for more than 30 years, and some of his traditional Chinese poems had been published in his poem collection A Page of Rill and Hill. He is also good at composing new poems, which are collected in *Cruel Moon*, and some single poem creations and translations are occasionally published in Poetry Periodical, Jiangnan Poetry Periodical, etc. Over the past 20 years, he had published 20 poem collections. In 2021, he planned and worked as editor-in-chief for an ambitious book series titled *Orient*-Occident Lit Collection(OOLC), for which—thanks to his charismatic leadership—he had gathered the most talented people in this field to publish over 20 books in a variety of languages in a dozen countries, exerting quite a positive impact on overseas readers.

On *Rendition of International Poetry*, Brent has published his poem renditions for ten years. In 2021, he thought it was the right time to compile these renditions into distinct poem translation collections based on themes or genres. After being authorized by the editor-in-chief Zhang Zhi, he invited me to be the editor-in-chief for his new poetry collection series, with which I gladly complied.

The translation series is titled *BOY Translation of International Poetry Series*, which will mainly publish poems and translated versions done in the past ten years when the periodical was still titled

The World Poets Quarterly. Excluding those published after the periodical changed its name, the translated works mount to nearly 10 thousand lines and 100 thousand words in total, if computed according to the general rule, that is, every ten lines in a poem is equal to 1,000 words. Taken into consideration the great diversity in length and form and shift in languages (from English to Chinese and vise versa), it is quite an accomplishment for a young scholar, a virtuoso, a professional editor and an outstanding poet-translator. What amazes me more is that Brent had all the talent, patience and passion to translate each line with great proficiency and accuracy, acquired through his poetry writing talent and voluminous translation practice.

However, it is not easy to sort out and edit these poems and renditions into 9 books due to their bulky volume, long span over time, and diversity in pattern. Fortunately, Brent could attract a dozen more editors to work with him. It is indeed a stellar team of scholars, ranging from high school to university teachers, bachelors and masters of arts. With each responsible for a specific theme and subject, these people, with a stunning efficiency, helped to edit and publish his books within three months. To best embody Brent's creativity in themes and genres choice, a few poems and translations are allowed to be anthologized in different books. It is actually quite a common practice in poetry collection editing.

As for the publishing agent—the American Publishing Inc., it is quite a success story in its field, an enterprising agency that endeavors to emulate the six traditional publishing giants, led by Random House. In 30 years of development, it has made a strong return to book publishing with more innovative ideas pertain to the modes of publication. Therefore, this series is a trend-setting attempt made by the editor-translator, an active step forward, echoing Chinese national promotion policies, to meet our needs for cultural transmission, to demolish the old and build a new Chinese image and to let our true

voice be heard.

To be an editor-in-chief is a huge responsibility, but it is also my honor to witness and supervise the publication of such a groundbreaking series, which is not only the fruition of a translator's ten years of hard work, but an encapsulation of world poetry innovations in ten years. As far as I know, this is the first translation selection of a contemporary middle-aged translator, and it best represents the author's great language proficiency and thorough understanding and ease in choice of diction in both SL and TL. The series speaks to the proverb, "Like a teacher, like a student", because it is a sort of "the laying on of hands" by a series of master translators, from whom Brent has gained a keen perception of poetry and translation. For example, Dr. Zhang Zhi, with a global view and broad mind, has authorized and encouraged him to publish his translation selection, after he had provided him an editor's platform in his periodical. I deem it my great honor to present this series to the reader, in the hope that all will be delighted to find a poetic mind as they read through the poems.

Dr. Li Zhengshuanat Hailong Garden
Translated by Wu Chunxiao

章推・荐・辞章

不忘诗心, 向译而生

诗,不可译。

然而, 诗, 一直在译。

汉诗不可译,不可让中国人来译。但是,中国人一直在译: 他们不仅把英语诗翻译成汉语,还把自己的汉语诗,翻译成外文。 20世纪80年代,国内从事汉诗英译的人数,开始显增,当今尤 甚。

据我小时候的记忆,国内很多诗刊,以发表中国诗人的作品为主;后来,偶然见到外国诗人诗作的汉语译文。而在过去的一、二十年里,一些诗刊开始辟出"汉诗英译"的栏目,这说明诗歌翻译的方向,从单向变成了双向:英诗汉译之外,增加了汉诗英译。英诗汉译,是外国诗歌的输入;汉诗英译,则是中国诗歌的输出。

高手在民间。好诗在民间。汉诗英译,中国诗歌走出去的工作,竟然也在民间。我记得大概十七、八年前阅读一本诗学专著,其中一句话令我兴奋:中国诗人为了让中国诗歌走出去,他们创办了一本《国际汉语诗坛》的诗刊。

之所以兴奋,因为《国际汉语诗坛》(又先后更名为《世界诗人》和《国际诗歌翻译》)正是我当时每期必译的一本诗刊。这本多语种混语版的诗歌季刊,由重庆诗人张智博士 1995 年创办,至今走过 27 个春夏秋冬。记得 2004 年冬,我偶然与张智博士通过邮件取得联系,虽不见面而"钟情"于彼此,从此开启了我数十年如一日的译诗之路。某日,到许渊冲先生家里拜访,他

说:"你与张智博士的合作,非常好!"遂聘先生为诗刊的艺术顾问。我与《国际诗歌翻译》,也如胶似漆,日渐情深而意浓。后来,办刊之外,张智博士又策划"世界诗人书库"和"帝国诗丛",出版了大量的多语种诗集,由美国俄亥俄州环球文化出版社出版。27 年来,《国际诗歌翻译》聚集或培养了一批诗的译者。主编张智博士倔而强之:为其翻译者,必定为诗人。

颜海峰博士就融诗人、译者、学者于一身,他已为《国际诗歌翻译》奉献十多年。而今,海峰博士将其在原《世界诗人》以往过刊中发表的译诗汇总整理,肩挑策划与统筹,邀集起一个十数人的编译团队,结集出版为"木樨国际诗歌译丛",作为其主编的大型文学系列丛书"东西文翰大系"下的一个子集,并通过美国亚马逊出版集团全球发行——幸甚至哉!

巧了。我几年前跟张智博士说过,《国际诗歌翻译》已经多年,刊登了数不胜数的各国好诗,可以考虑出版精选系列。张智博士欣然,但由于资金短缺等问题,此事搁置下来。现海峰博士张罗此事,我闻之一喜,虽然只是将其一人的译作精选,却也是开了一个好头。译路同行者,其心也灵犀。

近年来,浏览英美出版的国际诗歌选集,偶然可见中国诗人之英文译作,倍感欣喜。

中国诗歌,正在走出去。愿我们 不忘诗心。愿我们 向译而生。

> **张智中** 2022 年 3 月 10 日凌晨 津门松间居

RECOMMENDATION

Faithful to a Poetic Heart, Connate with a Rendering Mind

Poem is untranslatable.

However, poem is always being translated.

Chinese poems are untranslatable, and can't be translated by Chinese people. However, Chinese people are always doing the translation: they not only translate English poems into Chinese, but also translate Chinese poems into foreign languages. From the 1980s, the number of people engaged in translating Chinese poems into English began to increase in China. And it is gaining stronger impetus nowadays.

According to my childhood memories, there were many domestic poetry periodicals at that time, mainly engaged in publishing works of Chinese poets; later, they would occasionally publish Chinese translations of foreign poems. In the last one or two decades, some poetry periodicals began to set up the column of "English Translation of Chinese Poems", which indicated that translation direction of poems had changed from one-way to two-way: in addition to Chinese translation of English poems, there was also English translation of Chinese poems. Chinese translation of English poems is the input of foreign poems; while English translation of Chinese poems is output of Chinese poems.

There are many unofficial masters, and there are many good poems that are deemed unofficial. English translation of Chinese poems, namely the project of promoting the go-out of Chinese poems, has been undertaken mostly by the unofficial. I remember a poetic monograph I read about seventeen or eighteen years ago, a sentence of which made me excited: In order to enable Chinese poems to go

out, Chinese poets issued a poetry periodical named *The Chinese Poetry International*.

I felt so excited because The Chinese Poetry International (which was then renamed The World Poets Quarterly before Rendition of International Poetry) was just one of the poetry periodicals that I partook the translation at that time for each issue. Edited by Dr. Zhang Zhi, a poet from Chongqing, from 1995, this poetry quarterly in multi-languages has survived for 27 years. I remember that in winter of 2004, I got in contact with Dr. Zhang Zhi via e-mail, we "fell in love" with each other though not meeting in reality, and from then on I started my persevering translation of poems for several decades. One day, when I called on Mr. Xu Yuanchong in his home, he said to me: "You and Dr. Zhang Zhi have made a very good cooperation!" Upon his words, I invited him on behalf of the magazine as art consultant to the periodical. I also became inseparable from the then World Poets Quarterly, nurturing even deeper love toward it. Later, in addition to establishing the periodical, Dr. Zhang Zhi also planned The Book Series of the World Poets (Bilingual) and Book Series of the Empire Poetry, and published many collections of poems in multiple languages in The Earth Culture Press, Ohio, USA. Over 27 years, Rendition of International Poetry has gathered or cultivated a batch of poem translators. Dr. Zhang Zhi the editor-in-chief adhere strictly to the principle: the translators of poems must be poets.

Dr. Yan Haifeng(Brent Yan, B.O.Y) is a poet, translator and scholar at the same time, and he has been dedicated to *Rendition of International Poetry* for more than a decade. Now, Dr. Yan makes summary and sorting of his translated poems published in the previous issues of *The World Poets Quarterly*, shoulders the planning and coordinating tasks, and sets up a compiling team of more than ten members, to publish them as *BOY Translation of International Poetry* in the form of collection, serving as a subset of a larger literary

series i.e. *Orient-Occident Lit Collection (OOLC)* to which he was the general editor, and publish them to the globe via Amazon Publishing—I'm delirious with joy!

What a coincidence. I have once said to Dr. Zhang Zhi several years ago that, our magazine has been existed for many years and has published numerous excellent poems from various countries, and it's time to consider publishing select series. Dr. Zhang Zhi agreed gladly, but this matter was laid aside due to shortage of funds and other obstacles. Now hearing that Dr. Yan is working on this, I feel very happy, and although he only selects his own translations, this makes a good start indeed. Those who engage in translation have alike mind in translation.

In recent years, when browsing international anthologies of poems published by the western world, we can occasionally see English translations of Chinese poems, toward which I feel very happy.

Chinese poems are going out. I hope we can—always be faithful to a poetic heart. I hope we can always be connate with a rendering mind.

Zhang Zhizhong

Early in the morning of March 10, 2022 Songjian Hut, Tianjin 翻译是一种信息的传递,亦即逐字逐句的沟通与交流。诗的翻译则是一个灵魂和另一个灵魂的拥抱。俄顷,一个新的灵魂因缘而诞生。随后,这新的灵魂便踏上了自己的求索之旅,在翻过一个又一个偶然的陡坡与沟坎之后,终于抵达某个必然的所在一一那适宜的时间和地点。于是,它就不着痕迹地钻进读者的身体,开始了一种与翻译类似的传递,前述那热烈的拥抱遂得以复现,并最终催发了肉与骨、血与心脏在内部的变异与重组,由此铸造了又一个灵魂……

汪剑钊 2022年3月18日 育新花园

RECOMMENDATION

Translation is the transference of information, viz. a word-forword communication and exchange. While the translation of poems is the embrace of a soul and another, after which a new soul is born thereupon. Then the new soul starts its own journey, climbing over steep slopes and ravines one by one, before arriving at some necessary being—the fitting time and location, where it'd sneak untraceably into the body of a reader to commence another transference like translation. The aforementioned embrace is thus reproduced and, in turn, it promotes the inner reforming and regrouping of bone and flesh, heart and blood, to forge another soul...

Wang Jianzhao

March 18, 2022

Yuxin Garden, Beijing

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编年自传: 2007

吴谨程

按照游戏规则:情节、人物、高潮或者性格 这些元素我早已熟悉。虚构点细节也属情理 故事应该从一场狂欢开始。那一夜灯影迷离 无非是K厅、红酒、慌乱的唱词 夜的女神开始出场,她有黑白两个面具 白色的天使, 在些之前她身披一袭蝶衣 这个夏天要生产一些故事 具体的藤蔓, 拼凑出一片浓荫的场景 她用眼睛阅读天空那空出的位置 我用诗歌俯瞰大地。其间隔着一片玻璃 我不得不提到大海和它的呼吸 潮湿的风, 从六个方向把我包围 这些虚拟的故事,我可以闭口不提 一栋楼房在五月的风中拨地而起 它要在我的编年叙述中成为主题 在春天的风中种植勤劳的手指 赶在秋声里挂上一幅收获的写实 省道 308, 他挺起一杆硬朗的腰肌 需要多少水晶霓虹和 LED 才能见证一个小镇的丰腴 朴素的外衣, 足以滋养一首整齐的诗 我在临近春节的鞭炮声里自由地吐气 触摸之下尽是花香的纹理。我因此具备 安身立命,潜入诗酒风流或采菊东篱的意绪

Chronological Memoir: 2007

Wu Jincheng

By the rule of game: plot, character, climax or personality I know well about these elements. Even a little contrived is the plot, it is still reasonable The story should start with a spree when neon glitters Nothing but KTV, red wine, panic lyrics Goddess of Night enters with two masks, black and white White angel, before this she wore a butterfly gown Some stories are going to be produced this summer Material vine makes for a scene of dense shade She reads with her eyes the vacant position in the sky. I Overlook the land with poems, a sheet of glass in between I have to mention the sea and its breath Moistened wind surrounds me in six directions I may shut up and say nothing about these virtual stories A building sprouts up in the wind of the May Wanting to be the theme of my chronological narration Sowing hardworking fingers in the spring wind To hang a realistic harvest painting in autumn Provincial highway 308, he stretches his hale body How many crystal neon lights and LEDs could there be To witness the flourish of a little town Plain dress is enough to nourish a tidy poem Freely I exhale in fireworks cracking near Spring Festival When fondling, I find the texture of flower scent all over So I am able to live my life in good wine and natural shine

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第63期)

沉默的石头

木兰

土生石 石生土 土石堆积就是一座山 弃是土 用是材 但土石终归还是有分辨 无论是用还是弃 你都不会再改变 你依然守身如玉 哪怕化成泥土也无怨 也许你一辈子 都要默默去等待 也许千年万年 你还是在地下被深埋 但你也绝不后悔 还会将其心志和骨骼历练 直到走出大山 听从上苍的召唤 其实 你早把生死抛开 生死都只为明天 无论哪种考验 对你都只是一碟小菜 那些鄙视和践踏 只能击碎你的身体 但不会动摇 你执着的信念 如果你被拿去 建造一座地狱 你绝不助纣为虐 宁为玉碎也不为瓦全 若是拿去建造人间天堂 你甘愿做铺路的石子 再用一缕忠魂 托起众生的脚步向前 你不求有功但求无愧 只想把一生奉献 即使所有的人 都把你抛弃和遗忘 你还会深深牵挂那片 生养你的万水千山 那是刻进你灵魂的 骄傲与眷恋



Silent Stone

Mu Lan

Be it stone or dust, they take turn to pile into a hill It's dust when disposed or stone when used, yet they differ To use or to dispose does not change what you are You remain intact, no complaint about turning into soil Perhaps for a whole lifetime you'd wait wordlessly Perhaps in eons you'd still be buried deep underground But you'll never regret. Instead you'll endure and endeavor To walk out of the hills, responding to heaven's summon You've actually read life and death, all but for tomorrow It'd be a piece of cake to you, whatever the trial and test Contempt and ravages can only destroy your body Yet they cannot shake your unswerving faith If you are taken to forge a hell You'll not assist a tyrant, keeping to your integrity If you're taken to build a heaven, you wish to be a pebble And proceed the steps of all living things with your soul Even if everyone forget you and forsake you You will embrace to your heart the hill and rill that bore and raised you And that will be a pride and love carved in your soul

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第89期)

大心潮生

马科

一颗无影无踪的朝露也可以 让整个晨起的光潮湿 我无力照亮这个沉重的夜色 至少我以母亲的名义 写出我的意愿 为事物重新命名 那些亲近我的是我的福

大心拜见我的叙述我充满忧虑与热爱的再生命名

在起源之前 他也曾在黑森林 度过诸多无忧无虑的日子 参与快乐时光的构成或融化 我为他们命名 那些命名便是家吗 安静地为事物所牵挂 在记忆中焦虑与沉沦

我在命名的过程是惶恐而幸福的那不是创始 只是重启早已消逝在尘原深处的记忆 我不在畏惧之中,因为我 走过了不确定的时间 就在此刻 在回忆中 我命名神启的家园

Big Heart Tides

Ma Ke

Even a shadowless and traceless dew can
Moisten the early-rising ray of sun
Faint am I to light the heavy darkness of night
In at least the name of Mother
I write down my want and will
To re-name the things
Those which approach me are my happiness

The big heart is now bowing to my narration My reborn naming filled with apprehension and adoration

Before origination, he was also in the dark forest
Killing those carefree days
Taking part in the making and melting of the happy days
I give names to them
Can those names be their home?
Concerns are silent for the things
Worrying and sinking in memory

In the process of naming I was in terror and bliss

Which is not a beginning

But a restart of a memory faded long ago in dust

I am not afraid, because I have

Passed the uncertain time

Right at the moment

In the memory I name the holy-enlightened homeland

一切伟大只不过是风暴之后暂时的歇息 我游走风尘为了谁 那些失落在火的熄灭之后 疲惫中的残喘 黎明 我从梦中醒来与心相遇 为平凡的沉默者命名 于是我们开始对话



All greatness is just a temporary break after the storm

For whom I weathered the wind and rain

Those exhausted last breath

Lost in the extinguishment of the fire

At dawn, I wake up from dream to meet my heart

To name the ordinary who are silent

Whence we begin to talk

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第73期)

德国

木兰

在美茵河与莱茵河的交汇点上 有"曼哈顿"之称的法兰克福 就坐落在那里 一种多元的魅力 让它成为著名的国际会展中心 在罗马贝格广场上 三个连体的哥特式中古楼房 竟成为德国标志性建筑 其中二楼的皇帝大厅 悬挂了从查里曼大帝到弗朗茨二世 共52位皇帝画像 正义女神告诉我们 尊重历史就是尊重自己 所以 那里能诞生了不朽的歌德 一部《浮士德》 用基督复活的声音 代表一种启蒙思想的呼唤 为新生资产阶级打开一缕开悟的光芒

富森小镇的新天鹅堡 也承载了路德维希二世国王一个年轻 孤独和浪漫的梦想 也许他太爱茜茜公主他太爱童话的白雪公主了 以致他竟然终生未娶所以 直到他溺死在城堡附近的湖中也不知道他是自杀还是他杀 也许他的梦想还在新天鹅堡上飞翔 但他那个凄美的故事却让追梦的人不断在拷问 梦想应该是每个人的自由但为什么实现梦想 却不是人人平等 虽然上帝的阳光无处不在 但有人总是要选择罪恶与黑暗





Mu Lan

At the confluence of Main River and Rhine River
Frankfurt, Manhattan am Main, locates there, a city
Of multi-charm, a famous international exposition center
Three conjoined old Gothic buildings on Römerberg Square
Become symbolic of Germany. 52 portraits of the emperors
From Charlemagne to Franz II hang
on the wall of Emperors' Hall
On the second floor. Goddess of Justice tells us to respect
History is to respect ourselves. So Germany gave birth to
The immortal Goethe whose *Faust*, representing an
enlightening thought
Cast a ray of inspiring light with the Jesus resurrection
For the newly-born bourgeoisie

A young, lonely and romantic dream of King Ludwig II
Is embodied by the New Swan Stone Castle in Fuessen
He loved Princess Sissi, a snow white, so much
So that he never married all his life. Hence we do not
Know if he was murdered or killed himself when he was
Found drown in the lake by the castle. Maybe his dream
Still hovers the castle, but the sad beautiful story keeps
The dreamy wondering since it's equal for everyone
To dream—why equality differs from person to realize it?
Even if God's light is everywhere, there'd be persons going

所以我们都想希特勒的万恶之灵 永远被打入无间道 我们都想世界能永远平等 博爱与自由 于是 这里的政治家高瞻远瞩 他们在痛定思痛之后 毅然推倒柏林墙 重新接通民族的血脉 让祖国又有了尊严 让同胞又回到家园 像他们这样的政治家 如同上帝一样伟大 我相信那里的人民 会永远感恩他们的功德无量 于是 这里从此有了真正浪漫的生活 "咕咕"传统手工木质挂钟 已经开始正点运行 海德堡不老 它培养的莘莘学子 已扎根在五洲四海 我们不会忘记 德国曾在世界人民面前深深跪下 忏悔曾经的罪过与错误 这是人类一次最理性的光辉 这种发自灵魂的忏悔 同创造一样伟大 谁选择了和平 谁就选择了上帝 选择了光明 所以 我们相信那片天堂的地方 将永远繁荣昌盛



ler to be a world reedom

For evil and dark. So we all want the evil soul of Hitler to be Damned into Avichi forever. We all dream of a world of eternal equality, fraternity and freedom Hence the foresighted statesmen, drawing a lesson from The bitter past, managed to tear down the Berlin Wall To reconnect the lifeline of the nation, regain dignity, return their fellowmen to home Statesmen like these are as great as the God I believe the people there will be always grateful to them The place thereupon began to have real life of romance The traditional cuckoo wall clock started to run punctually The evergreen Heidelberg educated students of the world We'll not forget Germany knelt before people of the world Repenting of the past sins and wrongdoings. This is a most rational glory of humankind A repentance from the soul, to be paralleled by creation He who chooses peace chooses God and light meanwhile So we believe heaven will be prosperous for long

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第80期)

风云从王者而来

马科

此次归来 我只带着富足的大笑与大哭 不会为欲望而费尽心机耕作 只是期待走进寂静的中心 与我的土地作次长谈 一次详和的会晤 让她熄灭怒火 对于人类 她不只是失望与怜悯而已

但她仍希望调定琴弦 让宇宙大音轻一些 再轻一些 让人们 内心过于脆弱的人们 能够倾听 足以让你们惊讶而省悟 省悟无知的狂妄与背弃 世界的聒噪已令我心力俱惫

我此次归来 只带着富足的大笑与大哭 村庄的古栎虽己千年 仍带着苍老的宁静 站在风中 富足而且饱满



Storm Rises with the King

Ma Ke

Back this time, I bring with me just loud laugh and cry
Not toiling and moiling elaborately for the sake of lust
Only expecting that I could walk into the core of quietness
To have with my land a long conversation
A calm peaceful parley to extinguish the fire of her anger
For human she feels not only disappointed but sympathetic

She, however, still wish to adjust the note of strings

To make the great sound softer and softer

To make people, people who have fragile heart

Listen with conviction, so much

So that it makes you surprise and inspect yourself

The noise of the world has already too much for my heart

When I'm back this time
I bring with me just loud laugh and cry
Though the oak tree of the village is one millennium old
With yet an aged placidity
Standing in the wind, rich and lush

跟随我的风云稍稍吹来 已经让整个水系惊恐不安 我怎能忍心独自遨游空宇 任风云突变 人心已经如此黯淡 于心何忍 再现毁灭的惨痛

我将以不死的决心游于人世 还有一些醉的气息 和冷眼 在龙的项上 还有我的牵挂 与相知相伴的安抚

我不知道风往哪个方向吹哪个方向会折断我的翅膀我要飞完六月 那是南国的尽头 飘泊者的故乡





The storm that follows me rises slightly
Enough to startle the whole river system
How can I bear this and saunter about solely
Despite the sudden changed weather
Cold and dim is the heart of people
It is unbearable to recur the sorrow of destruction

Hence I will journey in the world with undying resolution
With some touch of drunkenness
And hard look
Around the neck of the dragon still hangs my concern
And the knowing reassurance which keeps me accompany

I do not know to which direction the wind blows
Which direction would break my wings
I will fly until the end of June
That is the end of the South
The hometown of the wanderer

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第72期)

给小葵

木樨颜

一人一个伴 坐在各自的对面 透过你的双眸的我 看到 镜子里的我的你 这时 雨脚也歇落 只流走吻满一地的鞋印

最美不过在这里等你 等着 等着 夏日香气游出你的柔荑凝脂

想到终于等到的缘 梅花真的又开满了包山



To My Love

BOY

1

Each has his own companion,
Sitting opposite to each other.
Looking through your eyes, I see
I am in the mirror of your eyes.
At this moment,
The footsteps of the rain cease,
Only to take away all the footprint kisses.

Nothing is more beautiful
Than waiting here like this.
I wait and wait
The summer scent swims out of your
Cream-like fingers

When I think about this long-expected love The plum blossoms really again flower the mountain.

你从来处而来 带来几袂霞彩 轻舟从流飘荡 转眼 已泊到心边 拿出行李 靠岸 你揖别阳关的方向 三秋之前 那排杨柳上蝉声凄切

于是隔了三秋的你 从上接云涛的天边 爽朗地 走来 惭红了易安的海棠

希望能安居在这孔泉吧 仅是想着 我的心就已然澄碧



2. re from clouds

You come from where you are from
Bringing here several patches of rosy clouds
Your canoe drifts with the stream. In an instant,
it is by the brim of my heart.
You take out the luggage from the canoe.
Ashore, you bow to the direction of Yangguan,
Where three years before the cicadas on the willows cried.

Then three years later, you
Come shiningly from the horizon kissing
The clouds, making the Li Qingzhao's crabapple shy

Hope that we can reside in the spring.

Only by thinking of this,

My heart is dyed in jade-green.

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第64期)

红蓝两色皆偏好

史英

具有烈焰的热能 曾点燃 理想中爝火 我因之而迷恋红色 从满头青丝 直到霜染鬘际白 火样的赤诚 未冷却 从来就偏好蓝色 那碧水般柔 似一道过犹无形的堤 筑在心坎上 不因冷如霜现实 一刮风 而掀起巨浪 心境如湖只微漾 红与蓝水乳般交融 形成了 一连串铿锵音符 在我生命中 奏起和谐的旋律 为晚年岁月 添美韵 成驱寂寞催化剂

Red and Blue are All My Favorite

Shi Ying

The fire-like energy once Set the torch of my ideal On fire, for which reason I am attached to the color of red From my youth with black hair To the time I am grey with age The fire-like sincerity Never gets cold Also I like the color of blue Which is as tender as the green water Built on my heart Like an invisible dike Never surges a giant wave From the wind For the chilly reality My heart ripples like a lake Where blue and red mingles To make A series of sonorous notes In my life This harmonious tune is played For my senior days And becomes a melody And a way to dispel the loneliness

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第78期)

回乡偶书

陈梁颖

两只蝴蝶

突然 黄昏的天空 纠缠 两只蝴蝶 像树叶一般翻滚 缱绻 两只游戏的蝴蝶 收割了天空的灰云 斜照明亮温暖

稻子熟了 要进仓 黑色的蝴蝶 在田野上翩翩 打翻暮色 黑夜倾泻 鸟鸣吵醒小楼饱满的灯光



Back Home

Chen Liangying

Two Butterflies

All of sudden, the sky at dusk, disordered
Two butterflies flutter like the leaves, hard to break up
Two playing butterflies
Take in the grey clouds and let the slanting sunbeams
warm up

The rice is ripening, must be taken into the barn
The black butterfly dances in the open field
Overturning the twilight and then the night flows heartily
Birds' song wakes up the plump light in the attic window

清泉

泉水淌在枯枝交错草丛 细小的 软软的却坚定地歌唱 泉声吻遍山谷每个角落 秋色些微湿润

被我惊起的鸟鸣 子弹般投进天空 像另外的一种清泉 流淌在树枝或苍穹 从一棵树跳跃到另一棵远树 直到我看不见 直到夜晚下了一场湿润的雨





The spring flows through the grass covered by dead twigs
Singing softly, stoutly with low sound
Which kisses on every corner of the valley
The Autumn moisens slightly

The bird, startled by me, shoots into the sky like a bullet
Like too another kind of spring, flowing in branches
or sky, jumping from one tree to another until
I cannot see, until it rains at night

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第76期)

景福宫永远的痛

木兰

在美丽的韩国 那座著名的景福宫里 自古就有四方的人走过 我也走过 但我今天的脚步 还是那样疼痛和沉重 因为宫里的门很多很多 却没有挡住强盗的凶恶 宫中沧桑的古柳 还在为不死的魂魄哀痛

岁月悲悯 万物感应 有人是那样残酷 这里曾发生最惨烈的屠城 让天地也欲哭无泪 "我的王子在哪里?!我的王子在哪里啊——" 明成皇后当年那最后一声 刺破苍穹的凄厉呼喊 至今还让我们肝肠寸断 潜然泪下

明成皇后的鲜血 虽然已流成那弯碧绿的池水 她悲伤的眼泪 已凝成天上灵动的白云 那片恶魔之火 也化为尘封的黑色灰烬 但我还是要请问上苍 坏人是少数 而好人是多数 为什么多数的好人 却无法阻止血腥的暴力



Eternal Sorrow at Jingfu Palace

Mu Lan

Since ancient times, people from all around, me included
Have passed the famous Jingfu Palace of North Korea
But my steps today still are heavy and aching
So many doors there though, they didn't block robbery
The willows that weathered so much are weeping for the
undead souls

Time is merciful and all creatures have feeling
but some men are cruel
A most sinful slaughter occurred here, reducing all to tears
"Where is my Prince? Ah, my! Where is my prince--"
The last cry of Princess Mingcheng pierced the blue sky
Till now it still breaks our heart and moves us to tears

Her blood has turned into the green water in the pond Her sad tears changed and condensed into clouds in sky And that devil fire also reduced to black ashes sealed long But I still want to ask, since bad guys are few and good many Why the many good people cannot stop bloody violence 我们都是自然之子 为什么就不能相爱共存 那些衍生变异的鬼人 把地狱之火带给了世界 他们还在变本加厉 亵渎阳光践踏生命 还在让母亲失望心碎 请问佛祖上帝诸神 对那些极罪极恶 难道就无法灭尽



We are all sons of nature. Why cannot we love each other
The mutant ghosts have brought fire from hell to the world
And aggravate the situation, blaspheming sunlight and life
And make mother of nature heartbroken.
So God or Buddha, cannot you just wipe out clean
The mortal sin and great evil

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第90期)

雷电: 寂寞的威仪

马科

失水了 我也开始失恋 家园不再是昨日家园 荒芜的龙宫 人们啊 不必我的闪电惊恐 那是失落的我在寻求想遇的问候 那雷鸣是我悲哀与绝望的召唤 寂寞如影随形 如影随我 破碎的水滴滴着我的忧伤 我是谁 我是王者 威仪在昆仑之巅 我发出的龙卷风只为了搜寻一个梦幻 但收回的仅仅是孤寂的威仪

蓝色的火焰照我 何为?我还有什么光芒值得颂扬? 我狂怒的暴雨打击大地 又能给我怎样的安慰? 歇了吧我的闪电 歇了吧我的风 歇了吧我无谓的暴雨与光芒 歇了吧敬了吧我的深渊我的苍生

我仅仅是依附天际的那幅寂静的漂泊

Lightning: The Lone Majesty

Ma Ke

It is losing water and so I am losing
The homeland is no longer that of yesterday
A Dragon King's Palace is desolate
Ah, people! Don't feel terrified about my lightning
Which are my greetings for encounter when I am blue
And the thunder is my deplorable and desperate summon
Loneliness accompanies me like a shadow
And the shattered water-drop is dripping my sorrow
Who am I I am the king
Whose majesty is on the crest of Kunlun Mount?
The cyclone I sent out is to search for a dream
Only to retrieve the lone majesty

The blue blaze lightens me
What for? What flame do I retain worth glorifying?
My furious rainstorm hit the earth
What kind of consolation do I get herein?
Calm down, my lightning
Calm down, my wind
Calm down, my meaningless flame and storm
Calm down and rest, my abyss and my common people

I am just the tranquil drift clinging to the horizon

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第73期)

历史之漏

马科

绝望掏空了黑夜 历史断流 锐利的时间之角出没 不太挑剔的奴仆 为你烙上了屈辱的标志

不再有时间 不再有空间 把忧伤与复仇纳入深沉的夜晚 为何要急于与黄昏达成妥协 给众流带来平安

虽然我还没有听到潜行者的脚步声

我的耳际忙于捕捉安抚的柔情 在想象谁在为我撕裂的剧变 那生命之外的生命落地时逃脱的快感 狂吼之后最温柔的歌 在时间的脉络静静地流淌

我的惊恐与哭泣是她满足的愉悦 我自昆仑来 但我只有流淌与放逐



Hourglass of History

Ma Ke

Desperation hollowed the night out
History ran dry
The sharp horn of time took shape
A not-too-critical servant
Brands you with a humiliating mark

No more Time
No more Room
Take melancholy and revenge into the thick night
Why negotiate with the dusk in haste
To bring about peace for all

Even though I have not heard the footsteps of the stalker

My ears being occupied in snaring the soothing tenderness
I'm fathoming who is in the tearing radical change for me
The fleeing glee enjoyed by the life beyond life after birth
The tenderest song after the wild howl
Are flowing tranquilly in the veins of Time

My terror and cry sate her with joy I'm from Kunlun, but I can only flow and go into exile

呵欠 一个进入更深邃之无聊的呵欠 打在二十一世纪的华表上 颐和园失眠了 娇躯慷懒 楚楚可怜 长长的指甲挥动着神州的四面八方

黄河受伤 他在受难之厄舔着疮痍 那左腿之伤 不能逃脱 唯以神为马 以梦为翼

在南方 俘获暴烈的枯萎

时间之漏 流泻着黄河龙钟的步态 流尽了 快流尽了 是时间在鸣 还是黄河的子孙们焦虑的号子





A yawn, which is much too inside the senselessness
Is given at the cloud stele of the 21rt century
The Summer Palace suffers from insomnia
Tender, sluggish, delicate and touching, waves
Her long fingernails in all directions of the Sacred Land

The Yellow River hurts
Licking her wounds in adversity
The injury on the left leg makes it unlikely to escape
If only God was the saddle horse
And the dream the wings

Down south. Capture the violent withering

The hourglass of Time
Is flowing with senile gesture of Yellow River
By and by on the verge of draining away
Is it that the Time is crying
Or the descendants of Yellow River are crying

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第70期)

灵感

刘殿荣

它很微妙 很精灵 它是突然 是瞬间 如丝如风如影 如夜里敲打窗棂的雨点 来也无声 去也无言

它来了 你不该拒绝 请把一支红烛在案头点燃 听它在你的耳边喃喃细语 看它在你的案头上起舞翩翩 随它在你的键盘上诗情画意 任它在你的土地上洋洋万言

它来了 请敞开你的心扉 给它以驰骋的时间与空间 随它去钻木取火坎坎伐檀 随它去周游列国拜谒屈原 随他去西天取经水泊梁山 随它去红楼一梦火烧战船

Inspiration

Liu Dianrong

It is very delicate, very elf-like
It is a suddenness, a moment
Resembling the silk, the breeze, the shadow
Or the raindrops dripping on the sill at night
Silently it comes
Silently it leaves

When it comes
You should not decline
Light a red candle on the desk, please
Then listen to its murmuring in your ear
Watch it dance gracefully on your desk
Let it poem and paint on your keyboard
Let it be in full flow on your territory

When it comes
Open your heart please
To give it time and space to gallop
To let it drill wood for fire or cut timbers
To let it travel around the world or visit Qu Yuan
To let it make a pilgrim westward or cross the Marsh
To let it dream in the Red Mansion or burn the Warship

拥抱它吧 灵感 那里有嫦娥玉兔 那里有世外桃源 那里有莺歌燕舞 那里有柳绿花鲜 那里有孙良的神笔 那里有济公的蒲扇

啊,灵感 一只飞天的风筝 你可要握紧那根 稍纵即逝的彩线



Embrace it
The Inspiration
It is Chang'E and her Jade Rabbit
It is an Arcadia
It is orioles singing and swallows darting
It is green willow and blooming flowers
It is the magic pen of Ma Liang
Its is the fan of Buddha Jih

Ah, Inspiration! A flying kite in sky Hold fast to that string Which is easy to miss

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第73期)

绿之韵

林青

兰香的高原啊,一定蕴藏着宝藏 这宝藏不是金,不是银 金和银只是世俗的贪欲 散发的只是铜锈的气味 这宝藏不是尊贵, 不是荣耀 尊贵和荣耀只是烟花一缕 粲然过后的灰烬也带着硝烟的气息 这宝藏深藏干高原的胸膛 是一颗跳动着的心脏, 造血的器官 它造出的血液能将岩石熔化 这颗心脏啊, 是五千年的中华文化 是儒道释糅合孕育而生的精灵 它来自于大海, 又高出大海 它孕育于高原又孕育高原 兰香的高原啊,有着一颗博爱的心 众生因此得以在这里安生 众生因此得以在这里自由地歌唱 众生因此得以在这里将自己的灵魂绽放 兰香的高原啊, 这颗博爱的心 就是高原蕴藏着的宝藏 只有善良、谦和、脱俗、飘逸 淡远、婉丽、灵性的心灵 才能感悟

The Charm of Green

Lin Qing

Oh, the plateau of Lanxiang must teem with treasure
Which is neither gold nor silver
Gold and silver are just worldly lust,
Emitting the smell of patina
This treasure is neither dignity nor glory
Which are merely a wisp of fireworks
After the sparkle, its ashes smell like the smoke of war
This treasure is deeply hidden in the bosom of the plateau
It is a beating heart, a hematogenic organ
It produces blood to melt the rocks
This heart is the Chinese culture of five thousand years
The spirit borne by the trinity of Confucianism, Buddhism
and Taoism.

It is originated from the ocean and tower above the ocean
It is gestated from the plateau and gestate the plateau
Oh, the plateau of Lanxiang has a caritative heart
For which all flesh can live peacefully here
All flesh can sing freely here
All flesh can flower their spirits here
Oh, the plateau of Lanxiang! This caritative heart
Is the treasure contained in the plateau?
Only the kind, humble, refined, elegant, light, gentle and clever heart can
Appreciate

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第64期)

梦见

王爱红

我看见了很多鱼 鱼很大 在我的身边游来游去

我的指尖 明显地触到了鱼 我清晰地感觉到 我是能够抓住它的

不是用网 可能网有点小 我是用刀 劈向水

我认为鱼像牛一样大 我使劲儿地砍 乱砍一气 我真的砍到了一头牛 是一头小牛犊 我快把它的头砍下来了 它疑惑地看着我 裸露着很大的伤口

Dreaming

Wang Aihong

I dreamt of many fish Big ones Swimming around me

My fingers
Touched one of them for real
And I felt clearly
I can catch it

Not with net Which may be small But with a knife Slashing at the water

I found the fish big like a cow
I slashed at it
Violently
This time I caught one
A calf
I almost had its head off
It looked at me
With the wide open wound

我一下怔住了 受伤的肯定不是一头牛 而是麒麟 或者是蛟龙 我的梦也随即醒来 它的伤也会即可愈合吗

在梦中 我记得我是在捉鱼 我用的武器是一种无意 比如手上锋利的刀 是不存在的



I froze there
It can't be a calf that got hurt
It must be a unicorn
Or a dragon
I woke up at it
But can its wound heals at it too?

In the dream
I remember I was catching fish
My weapon is but the mindless mind
The sharp knife in real life
Does not exist

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第90期)

民族认同感已锐变

史英

不再视华文为扎根之土

以英语作为心灵沟通媒介海外的华裔 从年幼直到成年 思维纯然西化的结果 民族认同已变质 本当视华文 为扎根之沃土那意念 从心头 稀烟般飘散—— 若是将他们的心 均喻系铁片 神州不再具滋场效应



Sharp Change in Sense of Ethnic Identity

Shi Ying

1

Chinese Language-No Longer the Native Soil

With English as the media of communication
The overseas Chinese
Has got their mind westernized
From childhood to adulthood
Changing gradually their sense of ethnic identity
Which should be considered
As the original soil to root
This thought, however
Is dispersing like the fog
If their heart is likened
To a metallic piece
China would no more be the magnetic field

峇峇族群之形成有导因

失去扎根之沃土 纯洋化华裔 似浮萍 在水中随风飘摇 虽相距咫尺 闻不到泥的气息 求存于狮城 如是族群密如林 不再与 神州的远祖认同



.2.

Cause for Peranankan

Having lost the soil to root
The foreignized Chinese
Is just like the duckweed
Drifting in the wind on the water
Though it is a small distance
No smell of the dirt can reach
The Lion city where they survive
Hence the numerous groups
Acknowledge no more their identity
As the offspring from the far Chinese ancestors

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第77期)

三只鸟

刘殿荣

一个有钱人 从花鸟市场买来三只鸟 每天清晨蹓鸟 晒鸟 和鸟儿一起舞蹈

可好景不长

- 一只饿死了
- 一只撞死了
- 一只飞走了

一个有权人 坐在家里就得到三只鸟 每天晚上赏鸟、玩鸟 和鸟儿一起撒娇

可好景不长

- 一只气死了
- 一只乐死了
- 一只逃走了

有钱人和有权人 临死也没能读懂羽毛 与灵肉之间的微妙

Three Birds

Liu Dianrong

A man of fortune
Bought three birds from the bird market.
He walked the birds and aired them every morning,
And danced joyfully with the birds.

But it did not last long When one starved to death One hit the cage to kill itself And one fled from the cage

A man in power
Received three birds just dwelling at home.
He enjoyed the birds, flirted with the birds every night
Spoiled the birds and got spoiled as well

But it did not last long either After one died with rage One died with extreme pleasure And one escaped

The man of fortune and the man in power Never apprehend the subtle connection Between feather and flesh, until they die.

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第93期)

诗: 深如梦广如天

木樨颜

未必要抒发得深沉 但也要描写得宽广 用全息的苍鹰之眼旋转整个大地 辐射瀚海的每一丈蓝 栖居这一盖青天 天上天 和其余三十一重天 诗本来就是天

未必要描写得宽广 但也要抒发得深沉 以我的眼观察万物,以万物的眼 审视我和我眼中的万物 像不可测的梦 梦中的梦 和梦中梦的梦 诗本来就是梦



Poem: Deep like Dream and Spacious like Sky

BOY

It is not necessary to put it deeply
But it is of necessity to depict widely
With holographic eyes of an eagle rolling the whole earth
And radiating every ten feet of blue of the ocean
Perching on this lid of sky, the sky above sky
And the other thirty-one layers of skies
Poem is by nature the sky

It is not necessary to depict it widely
But it is of necessity to express deeply
With my eyes observing all and the eyes of all
Examining me and all in the eyes of mine
Like an unfathomable dream, dream inside a dream
And the dream inside the dream of dream
Poem is, by nature, the dream

如果既不深沉 也没有多么宽广 不过是一些毫无关联的符号 扯上了解构的象征大旗 涓流也可以自诩为汪洋 皮肤也胆敢叫阵于精髓 这怎么足以震撼蔫颓的心灵 荡涤污秽的思想和见证这些诗行的昭彰



ot deep d broad lightest

If it is not deep

Nor it is wide and broad

But a string of signs and symbols without slightest

connection

Under the symbolic banner of deconstruction
Then a trickle can even brag about its boundlessness
And the skin dares to compete with the quintessence
How could the withered soul be overwhelmed
The fouled heart be cleansed and enlightening of these
lines be witnessed

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第75期)

时间的隐喻

马科

没有表述的声音 如同匆忙走向饭局的中国人 所有的车都朝着同一方向 走向食欲的天堂 在扭曲的钟的表面 还有一道被苍蝇爬过的痕迹 无人擦洗

我能满足我选择的欲望吗 还是随着众人习惯的驱动 把这杯历史的老酒饮尽 我乐于天纵的才具跟随历史的方向前行 还是坐下来 静静地让时间回顾 回顾王朝的兴衰 失落者的隐逸

那些迷失的兔子 现在找到家了吗 他们已经跑了很久 我记得在 30 年前就已经起步 我给街头拉起我们熟悉的爱情曲调的老头 一元资产 为了赎回我们自身的良知与尊严



Metaphor of Time

Ma Ke

The sound without expression
Is just like a Chinese hurrying to his dinner
In the same direction, all the cars
Make for the heaven of orexis
There is still a mark, left by a fly
On the surface of the twisted clock
Remain uncleaned

Could I just fulfill my desire to choose
Or be motivated by the habits of the public
To drink up the old wine of history
My great gift moves forward in the direction of history
Should I just sit down and let the time reflect quietly
The vicissitudes of empires and seclusion of the lost

Those stray rabbits
Who have been running for a good while
Have they found their home
I remember that they started thirty years ago
To the old man playing our familiar love tune in the street
I give one yuan as property
To redeem our own conscience and dignity

早已作别的父亲以养殖为业 准备了大量的干草 没有署名 也没有历史记载 为了牛与兔子 为了生活这不朽的轮子

叹息 在干草上跑动 似暂时找到栖息的家园

不可能我受到某种蛊惑而入驻人世 我在火中 尽量不走出燃烧的氛围 享受时间的烧烤趣味 因为时间并不富足 时间并不富足 不足以支付永生的多情





My long-departed father lived by cultivation

He prepared a mass of hay

Without signing his name

And recorded history either

For the sake of cattle and rabbits

For the sake of the immortal wheel of life

The sighs are running on the hay Like they have for the moment found a home to rest in

It can't be I was bewitched to reside in this human world
I am in the fire
Trying my best not to walk out of the burning atmosphere
And enjoying the flavor of being grilled by time
Because time is not abundant
Time is not abundant
Not adequate to pay the immortal passion

(原译载干《世界诗人》总第67期)

守夜人: 一只鸡的愤怒

马科

我不振臂 因为知道没人响应 凭什么我的屁股一定要扭来扭去 我要诱惑谁 别忘了我是公鸡不是女人 凭什么我要堕落到屁股扭来扭去的地步

我仅仅是守夜人 不要让夜被盗 我不期望光明能给我带来什么好处 因为我是鸡 只要足够的物让我掠食

我已经厌倦了掠夺的日子

等等 让我插入夜的心脏 把门打开 让你们瞧瞧 夜是多么的宁静 他不是没有企图 但他只有跳动的脉搏



A Watcher: the Anger of a Bird

Ma Ke

I will not raise my arms for I know no one would echo
Why should I wriggle my ass to and fro
Who am I supposed to lure
Don't forget that I am a rooster rather than a woman
Why should I be so corrupted as to wriggle my ass

I am just a watcher
Guarding against thief from stealing the night
I don't expect any benefit brought about by the bright
Because I am just a rooster
Who feeds only on enough food

I am sick and tired of those looting days

Wait! Let me stab the heart of the night
Open the door
To let you see
How quiet is the night
Who has no other attempt
Except for his beating pulse

因为夜是生命休息的一种预计

但是你们为黑夜打造了多少罪孽 但黑夜仅仅用宽容就打发了所有的罪 你们的贪婪与腐朽 你们的淫荡与无耻 你们已无力回应生命的第一次呼吸

黑夜覆盖着我与你们

我之临晨长鸣 哦 不是我的哀歌 因为消逝的不是黑夜 因为我知道长夜必然降临 只有此时 爱开始运行

只有鸡鸣时 我们才知我们还在东方 因为黎明 注定从东方开始





Since night is an expectation for the rest of life

But how many sins you've committed against him
Who forgives all with his leniency
All your greed and corruption
All your lewdness and shamelessness
You cannot respond to the first breath of life any more

Night covers you and me

I am crowing
O, I am not singing mournfully
As what dies away is not the night
And I know that he will for sure come
When at the very moment love will start to run

Only when a cock crow can we know we're still in the east Because the morn is predestined to dawn here

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第70期)

水: 是深渊也是上升的阶梯

马科

水是我的家园 在水巢深处还留有母亲轻哼的催眠 我最初的依恋 此时泪后擦拭的衣襟 在空寂的冬日午后 打盹时偎依的那堵暖墙

所有劫难暂进退却那一摇的温情继续流淌……

我创生了万物 它们安详如水 万物又在创生我 重整我的江山 我的天堂王后披着水做的羽衣来了 象万物一样的笑容 摄我魂魄

白野马是她的坐骑 一如我 今日是如此的温顺 在她柔情的波涛中歇息 或如玄宗与玉环华清池出浴后的相遇 在唐朝喧哗与骚动的土地上唯一清静的地方相遇 唐玄宗不见了



Water: An Abyss and a Ladder Up

Ma Ke

Water is my hometown
Deep in the water-nest remains mother's humming lullaby
My original attachment
The lappets used for wiping the tears away right now
In the afternoon of a bleak winter day
The warm wall which I lean on when dozing

All the calamities retreat for a while and that stream of warmth goes on flowing...

I created everything that is as peaceful as the water
And everything created me
Re-tidied my throne
There she comes, my paradise queen wearing water-made
wing dress
Putting on a smile like everything
And captures my soul
The wild white horse is her steed
Like me Today he is so docile
Resting in her wave of tenderness
Or just like Tommy Wong and Yang Yuhuan meet each
other after bath in the Huaqing Pool
In the only secluded place on the clamorous and turbulent
land of Tang Dynasty
Disappeared is the Emperor Xuanzong of Tang

只有玉环丰腴的恋情在华清池上空颤抖 和爱的轻吟 祈求着我手中的闪电

在三乾时刻 我完成了创生万物 此时我要恋爱 与我的王后 交融共鸣 与王后柔情相牵 丛林们 为我吹响地箫 禽兽们 为我舞蹈狂吼 我在天宇相恋降生人间

在三乾时刻 我与王后相遇相遇是酒 大地酿造了四十亿年的酒 我要与王后同醉 与王后共享万物的盛宴





Leaving just the plump love of Yuhuan trembling above the Pool

And the soft love groan as well

Praying for the lightning in my hands

In just three days I finished creating everything

Now I need to be in love with my queen

To blend and resonate with her and love her in tender

Then the forests play the flute for me

The beasts and birds dance and roar for me

I love in the sky and is born to the human world

In just three days I met my queen
This meet is a wine
That had been brewed by the land for four billion years
I would like to drink and be drunk with my queen
To share with her the banquet of everything

(原译载干《世界诗人》总第72期)

为比一生更多干杯

朱立坤

为在我身体的暗处 潜藏一生的胎记 干杯 为初入学堂 第一次学写的错别字 干杯 为三十五年前 因为盲肠炎 在我肚皮上 留下的手术刀痕 干杯 为七年以来 对我不离不弃 关爱有加的 糖尿病 干杯 为就在刚才洗脚时 因为粗心 而在上面留下的 水泡们 干杯 为我荣归故里时 天空中飘过的 那朵白云 干杯

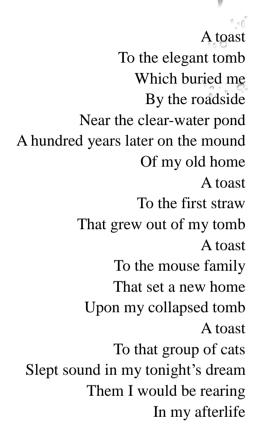
For More Toasts than a Lifetime

Zhu Likun

A toast To the birthmark that has been hiding In the dark of my body in my lifetime A toast To the first misspelt Chinese character When I erolled in a school A toast To the operation scar left On my belly due to My appendicitis Thirty-five years ago A toast To my diabetes who Cares about me a lot And never leaves me In all these seven years A toast To the blisters left On my feet just now When I washed them Out of carelessness A toast To the cloud drifting across the sky When I returned To my hometown with honor 为百年后老家的山岗上 柏油路边 清清的池塘旁 那眼埋葬我的 精美的墓穴 干杯 为我坟头长出的 第一根野草 干杯 为以我坍塌的坟头 作为新家的 那窝老鼠 干杯 为来生 我将细心喂养的 那群猫咪 在我今夜的梦中 睡过好觉 干杯

为永远幸福干杯 为苦难没有尽头干杯





A toast to the forever happiness A toast to the sorrows without an end

I toast on my own I ask for it to be my own

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第74期)

我为一个水鬼写诗

潘泮

起风了。一位诗人站在七星村的拐角 因为思念,我在等待香女的到来 风吹动了香女的梦。河畔的花草的笑声 已不会被传播出去,我只恋上了一条河 恋上这条河的一个女鬼 包括与女鬼有关的一段传说 与河相拥的与土地相守的家园 乃至所有的水域

我不轻易言说 他自言自语,是与香女诉说 走在香女河畔的女人,拐了一个湾 又一个湾,她们越走越远 身子越来越小,小得像香女脸上一颗黑痣

当然,这个比喻有点陈旧 但这就是一个诗人看到的场景 从早晨到夜晚 我一直在唱一首情歌 我的歌声,富有韵味



Poem for a Water Ghost

Pan Pan

Wind blows. A poet stands at the corner of Qixing Village
Due to my yearning for the aroma girl, I'm waiting for her
Wind wafting her dream, laughter of flowers and plants
By the river bank will not be spread out. I just fell in love
with a river, and a female ghost in the river
Including a legend related to the ghost
A homeland hugged by the river and guarded by the soil
And even the whole body of waters

I do not speak rashly
He talks to himself, a way to converse with the aroma girl
The women walking along the river bank turn one arm
After another and go farther and farther with their figures
Reducing to a black mole on the face of the aroma girl

Certainly this metaphor is somewhat obsolete
But it is just the scene that a poet witnesses
From morning to gloaming
I has been singing a love song
And my chanting is rhythmical

从香女河畔回来,我突然 有些失落,一种悲痛 升起于用另起一行的方式 多少年来,她一直藏于我的心底 对少年来,我一直在等待

在这个世间,已没有什么事业比这更伟大:我为一个水鬼写诗。



Back from the river bank, all of a sudden
I feel lost to some extent. A sorrow
Rises with the manner of starting anther line of poem
For years she has been hidden deep in my heart
And I has been waiting since childhood

Upon this earth, nothing is grander than this:

My writing poetry for a water ghost

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第86期)

无题

朱立坤

人声 灯影 夜的冷 你嘴角的沧桑 隐秘的记忆 筛落一地的 春天 多过初次见你时的 怯色 死亡在红月亮 遥远的茅舍 引吭高歌 绽放的一秒 长于 十次永恒 爱情加红烧猪肘 我的青春 朝一千个不同的方向 我回家 虚无让我的生命 无所不在



Untitled

Zhu Likun

Voices Lamp shadows Coldness of the night The vicissitudes upon your face The covert memories An all-over-the-place Spring Are more than the shyness I noticed in you At the first time Death belts out A song in the remote hut Of the red moon The blossoming second Is longer than The eternal love of ten times Plus braised pork knuckle My prime Heads for a thousand different directions I go home Nothingness turns my life into **Immanence**

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第66期)

梧桐树

木樨颜

靠窗停着一棵憩息的梧桐 一棵憩息的梧桐停在我家西窗 他要跋涉三百里地 回到我儿时的老家后院

他长在那里二十年 我的手,姐姐的手, 爸爸的手,妈妈的手,爷爷的手 扶着他幼小的枝桠 扶着他渐渐成长 长粗,长在我胸膛的大后方

脚下,一滩金沙张扬 梧桐树英姿伟岸 挺胸高昂 这曾是我儿时的乐园 我在那儿筛月光 等蟋蟀出来 然后邀请它洪亮的声音住进青花瓷的瓦罐 第二天一早 蒙蒙亮 拿到蛐蛐市场换更多月光



A Phoenix Tree

BOY

1.

A phoenix tree is reposing by my window By my west window reposes a phoenix tree Who is about to trudge a three-hundred li To the backyard of my childhood hometown

He was there for twenty years
My hands, my sister's hands
My papa's, my mom's and my grandpa's hands
Had supported the sapling until he grew up to be
Big and thick enough to back my backbone

2.

Under his feet, a pool of golden sand spread
His figure was stalwart, with his head up his chest
thrusted
There was once my childhood paradise
Where I sieved the moonlight while waiting for the
crickets out
Then I'd invite the chirping into the blue and white
porcelain pot
In the glimmery morn I'd carry it to the cricket market to
exchange more moonlight

那一滩金沙铺展在梧桐脚趾丫的缝隙里 他的和我的梦在里面流动 二十年,他长过我的额头长过我疯长的黑发 他用片片绿色的斑斓照耀我的青春 我的少年愁和我的憔悴 就连那些潜滋暗长的别绪也汩汩 和着面粉厂出水口的浑浊泥沙

四

闪亮熠熠的可是金子么 在那流出的泥沙心里 我曾冲动过一阵要去淘金 只怕惊动了上游的黄鼠狼母子

夜里鸡窝里闹起来 黄鼠狼妈妈串门去了 她首施两端 一端在梧桐树下 另一端也在梧桐树下

等一切都归于宁静深邃 夜又丰满了他们一家



toes of

The golden sand spread in the cracks between the toes of the phoenix tree

His dream and mine too were floating in the granules

For 20 years, he grew taller than me and faster than my overgrown black hair

With those green colors and shadows he shined my youth My laddie melancholy, my wanness and sallowness

Even the secretly-growing departing lornness oozed Out with turbid sandy silt from outlet of the flour factory

4.

Is that gold that glittered
In the heart of the flowing silt?
I once had an impulse to pan for some
But feared to startle the weasels upstream

In the middle of the night the henhouse was stired

By the visit of the mother weasel

Who hesitated on both sides

The one side was under the phoenix the other there too

When everything is restoring to tranquility

Night enriched the whole family

五

后院的大梧桐盯着这一切 盯着穿行的风 盯着流走的水 盯着沉默不语的土坯老屋 盯着蟋蟀、黄鼠狼和我 他不言语 千万双手只伸向游弋的云朵 千万只脚只扎入甘咸的厚土 然后被钢筋铁板斩断 甚至都没有一声涕哭······



5.

The big backyard phoenix tree observed all this

He observed the passing wind

He observed the drifting water

He observed the silent claybricks house

And the crickets, weasels and me

Without a single word

Only millons of his hands reaching for the cruising clouds

And thousands of his feet stabbing at the thick land

Then he was chopped down by the steel bars or iron plates

Without shedding even a single drop of tear

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第69期)

吸我的血的时候,请缓缓

木樨颜

我不是猛犸不是蓝鲸 我的身躯没有那么庞大我的血 也没有陆地的滋味和海洋的宽 吸我的血的时候, 请缓缓 不是塑造灵魂就得高尚 不是标榜大公就得忘我 推动你的剥削机器让你发展 让你的引擎咄咄逼人 抽干我的皮下脂肪和骨头里的 最后一丝甘甜 完美是为了什么? 为了自我还是 为了自我忠于的奉献 一个小小的球, 寄生一百年 也只是万里飘飞的苍云过眼 百年之后的虫子们继续你我的奋战 活着是为了什么?为了撬开大地的 头骨 好注入钢花铁水的脑浆 还是 用这火炉熔铸作为存在的快感? 这棵大树枝丫被你插进了土里 根却露在了风雨交加的外面



Be Gentle When Drinking My Blood

BOY

I am not a mammoth I am not a whale My body is not that giant and my blood Has not the width of the ocean nor the taste of the land Please be gentle, when you are drinking my blood Not that I have to be noble if I am to mold a soul Not that I must forget all about myself if I am generous Your machine of exploitation is pushed forward Your engine is so aggressive as to Extract all of my fat and the last drop of sweetness In my bones What is perfection for? For an ego or For the self-dedicated devotion? Living a hundred years on this little globe Is nothing but a flashing of the clouds high above the eyes A century later, worms and bugs keep on with our fight What is life for? For the prying-open of the skull Of the earth in order to infuse the brains of molten iron? Or for the casting of the existing delight with the burner? The branches of the big tree are implanted in the land While the roots are outside weathering the rains and winds

你跃进你超越你压榨你吸吮 你发掘发掘发掘发掘发掘掘入 你深深的坑洞 鸿壑难填 你的矿工们,你的儿女们,他们和我们 血快流干 死亡也阻止不了你的贪婪 可我不是 我不是猛犸不是蓝鲸 我的身躯没有那么庞大我的血 也没有陆地的滋味和海洋的宽 吸我的血的时候,请缓缓



You lunge you surpass you grind you suck
You dig dig dig and dig into
Your deep pit which cannot be filled up
Your miners, your sons and daughters, they and we
Are draining our blood, but still fail to stop your greed
But I am not
I am not a mammoth I am not a whale
My body is not that giant and my blood
Has not the width of the ocean nor the taste of the land
Please be gentle, when you are drinking my blood

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第67期)

洗劫意义

马科

荣耀啊人们 你们洗劫了所有的意义 只留下我 留下我孤独创生的梦想 在这样的早晨 她给了我遗弃的生机 在盛宴摆出之前 咬着一颗黑透溢出液汁的葡萄

门开着 她施施然走向了人群 手捧末日的皇冠 她从毁灭的圆明园来 我不明白她何以从这里 打造出高贵无比的桂冠 在晨光中闪耀着精神需仰视的光芒 在原始与文明的撞击中 再生伟大的力量

我们已经无法从老历史或神话的歌吟中 获得力量与美丽的修饰 甚至我们再也唱不出那些纯粹的高歌 该唤醒的早已醒了 沉睡者就由他去吧 也许我们可以理解上帝曾经摧毁过 次人类的狂妄

Meaning of Pillage

Ma Ke

O! Glory! You people have pillaged all the meanings
Only to leave me behind
Leave behind my loneliness-created dream
Who gave me an deserted vitality
And bit a black grape ripe with juice
Before the grand banquet was held

The door being open
She walks slowly into the crowd
With the crown of doom-day in hands
She comes from the devastated Yuanming Yuan
I don't know how she should make there
An unparalleled noble laurel crown
Which shines so brightly in the morn that we must revere
And which, in the collision of barbarism and civilization,
Re-creates the overwhelming power

Neither from ancient history nor ballads in a myth can we
Gain the power and the beautiful ornaments
We cannot even sing those pure songs any more
What should be awoken has been waken up
For those heavy sleepers, let them be
Maybe we could put it this way—God has destroyed
Man's arrogance once

不可回头 那怕是一次最深沉的顾盼 久别后的回眸 不可回头 我理当蒙受劫难 但不可以是女性的劫难 那些自虐的风不可以吹响我的耳 不可让我沉醉在酒后的饥渴

她长裙飘风 手捧王冠 伟大的赐与者 我的抚慰者 门开了 她走向人群 脸上是静穆而广阔的笑容





Not even a most affectionate glance
A glance-back after a long departure
No turning back
I ought to be pillaged
But not the pillage of a woman
The self-tortured wind should not blow my ears
And let me revel in the hunger and thirst after being drunk

She has the crown in her hands with her skirt fluttering
and floating
A great giver My consoler
The door is opened
She walks toward the crowd
A quiet and broad smile on her face

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第69期)

永恒的受难

马科

一种粗粝的声音在敲门室内沉睡了只有隐秘的梦幻在回应——这就是拒绝拒绝走进家园——沉睡的家园

猫头鹰失神了 重新考虑黑夜的方向 顾虑重重 你瞧 虚无之岛已悄悄沉没在欲望之水中 酒神最爱的葡萄 紫黑色的透明 是他迷狂与升腾的着力点 那些宁静的絮语渐渐沉没 还有天涯爱情与兄弟的盟誓

虚空之舟在欲望的潮水中升起 猫头鹰失神地驾着它 不敢再捕食当代的老鼠 那些敢于抗击最恶毒诅咒的鼠辈 昂然如虎 在森林中以王者的名义掌管空气 掌管着众神脑袋的左右 立正 稍息



Eternal Suffering

Ma Ke

A coarse voice is knocking at the door
Inside all is sleepy soundly
Only a secret dream is echoing
—this is rejecting
The entry into the homeland
—a sleepy homeland

The owl lost its attention Now it reconsiders
The direction of the night full of worries. Look—
The vanity island is sinking silently into the water of lust
The favorite grapes of Bacchus, the clarity of purple black
Are what make him to exert his craze and leap
Those tranquil prattle gradually sinks
With the vowed love and pledge between brothers

Rising up from the tide of lust is the boat of vanity
Which is steered by the inattentive owl
It dares not to prey on the contemporary mice
Who struggle boldly against the most malicious curse
In the name of the forest King like a tiger, they take
charge of the air
The Attention, At ease, Turn left and Turn right of Gods

立正 稍息 猫头鹰轻轻拍打着虚无之舟失守的舵 也许 是啊也许能赶在雨季来临前 到达另一座虚无之岛 岛上有潜在的蚯蚓 冒出 作为我度日与繁衍的另一种美味

另一个黑夜的守望者赋于它 赋于它在黑暗与虚无之境逼视物质 与欲望本性的无能

永恒受难 在疯狂的隐喻中受难





Attention! At ease!
The owl taps on the control-lost helm of the Vanity boat
Maybe, maybe I can make it before the rainy season
To another Vanity island where there is earthworms
Crawling out to make dainty for me to live and breed

Another watcher of the night endows it
With an inability to watch intently in the dark and vanity
Over substance and the nature of lust

Eternal suffering Suffering in the crazy metaphor

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第66期)

雨水

曹有云

昨夜,雨水自东向西 呼啸而过

雨水落在母亲的坟头也落在我的心头

雨水渗透九层地宫落在漆黑的棺木上

雨水穿透金字塔落在法老干枯的额头上

雨水穿过重重云雾弥漫 落在太阳神庙日渐模糊的箴言上

雨水掠过激荡的密西西比河 落在印第安人惊恐不安的梦里

雨水落在阿富汗贫瘠的山坳也落在华尔街健壮的公牛

雨水落在天河中央也落在四只凝望的眼睛上

夜幕落在白昼坚挺的脊背上也落在孤独者沉默的嘴唇上



Cao Youyun

Last night, from east to west The rain roared past

It fell on my mother's grave
And my heart as well

It penetrated the nine-layer underground palace Reaching the dark coffin

It rained through the pyramids And fell on pharaoh's dry forehead

It passed through the mists and clouds And fell upon the fading motto of the Sun Temple

It washed over the rippling Mississippi River And trespassed in Indians' startled dreams

It swept through the barren Afghan coves
And sturdy bulls on the Wall Street

It fell in the middle of the Milky Way

And four staring eyes

Night fell on the strong back of daylight
And the silent lips of the lonely

大河两岸 日出日落

大河两岸 人歌人哭

雨水落在两岸起伏的麦浪上 也落在起伏的头颅上

昨夜,雨水顺着母亲细密如画的发丝 打在我粘土带血的词根上





The banks of the river Has seen the sun's rises and sets

The banks of the river Has seen people's sing and crying

The rain fell on undulating wheat And heaving heads

Last night, the rain crept along the fine hair of my mother
And fell on word root, dusty and bloody

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第91期)

狱中,四十五岁生日寄儿诗

马启代

今天,天气很好。阳光未见老,秋风恰如其分地凉 该落的花,该结的果都按部就班,波澜不惊 中午,你的母亲送来了微笑,隔着铁窗 还传递来你隔洋的问候 ——这一切,我决定收下

今天,父亲特别想念两个人 一个是你的奶奶,父亲是她身上掉下的肉 一个就是你,你的身上流着父亲的血 ——当然,我想着、念着的还有很多人 却都无法与你俩相比

……,与你隔着重洋万里,不过一道墙的距离你奶奶就不同了,阴阳一线,数十年音信全无多想一家人围在一起吃顿饭啊——回到孩童,回到母亲的怀抱或者有你绕膝,让幸福变得分外简单



Jail Poem to My Son on My 45th Birthday

Ma Qidai

Today it is mild. The sunlight is not yet old and the autumn breeze agreeably cool
All works as usual. The flowers flower and the fruits fruit as they did methodically
At noon, your mother sent a smile with prison bars between
And delivered your greetings across the ocean
—I decided to take all these

Today I miss two people very much.

One is your grandmother, whose flesh and blood is me
The other is you, whose veins are flowing with my blood.

—There should be more of the others whom I miss a lot
But none of them can be comparable with you two

..., we are oceans apart, yet the distance is no more than a wall. It's quite different With your grandma, who, for the past decades, is not heard from again in heaven How I wish to have dinner with the whole family —Back to the childhood, back to the bosom of my mother Or having you around would make happiness quite simple

所幸你已长大,命运沉重,你宽阔的臂膀足以承担做不做官二代、富二代都无关未来这些东西父亲本可以给你,丢掉也不足惜——人不能选择出生,却可以选择人生父亲笃信:人有一亏,肯定天有一补

天增岁月人增寿,父亲至少还有着长长的后半生 许多的爱和欢乐等在前面,包括白发和皱纹 ——除了良知,父亲不在乎失去什么 包括这身皮囊,父母所赐,最终都要归还 但你要谨记,你是一位当代中国诗人的儿子





Luckily you grow strong enough to take the weight of life. To be an officialing or one of the rich second generation is not the future's concern

Which I could have granted you and which might be cast aside without pity

—you cannot choose your birth, but can choose your worth This is my firm faith: Heaven gives where man loses

Heaven ages while man gets older. Half of my after-life at least remains

Waiting ahead is a good deal of love and joy as well as white hairs and wrinkles

---I care about nothing to lose, except for my conscience Even my mortal flesh, given by my parents and meant to be returned finally

You must remember, however, that you are the son of a contemporary poet of China

(原译载干《世界诗人》总第70期)

拯救时间

马科

既然我在泥土中潜伏了可怕的二千年 那么我就有理由出生 二千年我不曾死去 理所当然出生 不 不是复活 因为我从来就没有死过 在泥土中我与泉水之母相伴 我与泉水之母对话并且恋爱

我听过太多的杀伐与哀号 马蹄踩过我的思绪 带走我智慧的硝烟 还有如许前赴后继的歌吟者 歌吟者愚蠢的忠诚 忠诚于忧郁与消亡

不 不是复活 因为我从来就没有死过 在泥土中我与泉水之母相伴 我与泉水之母对话并且恋爱

你知道 我不会因此而悲伤 博学的群山搅乱了历史

Rescue the Time

Ma Ke

Since I've been secluding in the earth for a terrible two
thousand years
I have good grounds to be born
I never died in the two thousand years
So my birth is only right and proper
No, it is not resurrection
Because I never ever died
In the earth I kept company with the Mother of Spring
With whom I conversed and fell in love

Too much slaughter and wail have I heard about
The horse hoof trod over my thinking
Taking away the gun-smoke of my wisdom
There were still so many singers
Whose stupid loyalty
is quite content with oppression and distinction

No, it is not resurrection

Because I never ever died

In the earth I kept company with the Mother of Spring

With whom I conversed and fell in love

You know, I would not lament thereby The erudite mountains confused history 在吻取玖瑰花本身之前我先吻 玖瑰花脚下的泥土和女花匠 这是我规定的程序 基本附合同居的规律与要求 花棚内积蓄了大量的新老交替的阳光热 阳光挡在门外 而热是需要的 象西门先生走向光明之前 先得说服妈妈和过道 然后热力在遮蔽处获得存储与释放

虽然不常做谋杀的行当 但有时谋杀也是一种商品 因为太稀少 特贵 而我的力量 尽我的力量 足以杀死一片行将飘零的落叶

警钟长鸣 你们积郁愤怒上班交配生子 你们的影子在摆好行动准则之前 闪耀着暴怒的星火 影子是不好惹的 连母鸡也学了两手公鸡高昂的长啼



uld kiss ardener bed rule

Before kissing the rose itself I would kiss
The earth beneath the rose and girl-gardener
Which is my prescribed rule
Meeting basically the rule and demand of cohabitation
In the flower shed accumulate great metabolic sunheat
The sun is blocked outside but the heat is necessary
Just like before Mr Ximen walks toward the brightness
He has to persuade his mother and the aisle
Then the heat would be stored and released in the shade

Though I am rarely in the murder trade
Murder sometimes is a kind of commodity
Which is very expensive due to its rareness
However when I exert my strength
It is enough to kill a leaf that is about to fall

The alarm bell keeps ringing
You amass anger to mate and breed while on duty
Before setting up the rule for action, your tough shadows
Flicker with the sparkle of fury
Even the hens learnt a few tricks of proud crowing
from the rooster

警钟长鸣 我已步入中年用黑色素染过丝丝白发 虚张声势或者以假象获得某种机遇 这不是没有可能 是的 不是没有可能

警钟长鸣 兄弟相残以邻为壑 这日子过得累啊 警钟也象力竭哭尽后的呜咽

父亲 我的父亲背着最后一份农耕 和死亡的召唤 带着母亲走了





The alarm bell keeps ringing
I'm approaching my middle age when I dye my grey hairs
with black dye
To bluff or make a gloss to gain some good luck
Is not impossible
Yes, it is not impossible

The alarm bell keeps ringing
A fratricidal war waged and neighbors treated as barriers
What tiring days they are
The alarm bell is also sobbing after the exhaustion of
strength and tear

With the last summon of farming and death on his back Father, my father is away with my mother

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第67期)

蜘蛛情

木兰

守着缘分的天空 做着灰姑娘的美梦你每天都在编织着爱巢 不知愁为何物一叶知秋 咫尺间你托付自己的一生这里虽然简陋无比 但在你的眼里却是一座玫瑰之城 一条幸福之路废墟有你的汗水 森林有你的屋落你孤独却别样有序 辛苦却格外快乐人间有多少美好的情感 都无人痛惜和坚守可你却相信爱有灵犀 依然孜孜不倦

你说再遥远的地方 心灵都能感应 风雨考验你的自信 小鸟撞破你的窗棂 你却又一次次起步 从头再做 直到把痴情的相思 织出独特的布阵 因为爱巢形同八卦 故无人能解其中的奥秘 只有月亮为你祈祷 太阳为你呵护 抛开生死 超然物外 一心为缘等待 不管每天闯进来的是一群苍蝇 还是一只蚊子 你都不会走出情网半步 即使盼望无期 你也不会见异思迁 因为你没有俗人的朝秦暮楚 你只相信爱人 也在远方把你寻觅



Spider Glam

Mu Lan

Waiting in the sky of Karma, dreaming a like a Cinderella You weave your love nest, not knowing what worry is You whole life is entrusted just on that cobweb Which is so simple and crude. But in your eyes It is a city of roses, a road to happiness Your sweat can be found in debris and your web in forest You're lonely but of order, you work hard but often happy Good feelings in the world are many, yet none is defended You on the other hand still trust love and keep at it

You said souls are sensitive, despite the remote distance
Birds broke your window, wind and rain tested you
You started it all over and again, from the very beginning
Until a unique net is weaved out of infatuated yearning
Your love web is ba-qua shaped, so none knows its secret
Only the moon prays for you and the sun cares for you
You give no heed of life and death, detached and waiting
For the karma. Be it a swarm of flies or a mosquito
You'd not craw out of your love nest, even if hopeless
You'd not fall for another, because you are not like human
And you believe in your love seeking you too in the
remote distance

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第90期)

众神出没的河

马科

我在照片上时常能翻阅到黄河苍老的额头还有她带着补丁的女儿 众神出没之地,如今好像全无踪迹 我在黄河边曾呆过半年 还在上游, 黄河像留有残水的锅 日久之后发黄发红 死死地瞪着那漂过的蓝天白云

黄河, 只剩下一锅混浊的泪水

今天我不想告诉你们关于黄河的梦幻 只想说说那被污辱之后再度干枯的黄河 那昔日的太阳之马 我的黄河英雄 他不沉沦 而是悄悄地蒸发

我在万物之中照见了自已 找到灵魂之居 我只在日暂枯萎的日子里残喘 只是太阳之马的余势 无力造爱



River Haunted by Gods

Ma Ke

clouds

Often I'd skim through the aged forehead of Yellow River in pictures

And her patched daughters
But the once haunted place by Gods leaves no trace of them as yet
I lived by the riverside for half a year
It was the upper reaches of the river
Which gave people the impression of a pot with remaining water

That could turn yellow and red as days go by
The pot, unswervingly, stares at the blue sky and white

Yellow River is only left with a pot of muddy tears

Today I don't want to tell you about the fantasy of the
river
But something about her who runs dry after being
disgraced
The yesterday horse of the Sun
My Hero, the Yellow River
Vaporizes quietly instead of sinking

I mirrored myself in the whole creation
And found the residence of my soul
With borrowed breath I lived in withering days
The horse of the Sun has no power remain
To make love

太阳之马栖息在额头上的愤怒 那就是我生命的痕迹 我承受所有罪与亏损的担当 这就是我回归的理由 我愤怒与杀伐的意志

神圣的河 从石头开始击打生命 与流沙同行 生之缠绵与浩瀚之游的快意 那就是我的太阳之马

我的战马 我的太阳 他看到了水就眉开眼笑 那些歇息的缠绵 请允许我为我的老马说上一句放纵的言词

但风是大地的使者 为我们掩盖多少丑陋的痕迹 但掩盖不了的是我们内心的赤裸 那不是纯真而是无耻的笑容 人们啊,请原谅我的直言





The perching anger on the forehead of the horse

Is the traces of my life
I would undertake all the sins and losses
Which is the very reason I returned
And my will to rage and kill

The sacred river
Began building life from the stone
Accompanied by the flowing sand
The pleasure of lingering life and extensive journey
Is my horse of the Sun

My warhorse
My sun
Brims over with laughter at the sight of water
The resting lingering
Please pardon me for my indulging word for my old horse

But wind, the messenger of the Land Covers much of our ugly traces It cannot, however, cover our inner nakedness Which is shameful smile other than purity Ah! Human, please pardon me for my frankness

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第70期)

自然在光芒中受孕

马科

自然在光芒中受孕 初生梦想 在黑暗的脉络临盆大地之子 从此言说 生命的喜悦与受难

有血也有肉 这才是我们的生活 有水也有酒 才是我们值得称道的痴狂 哦 我忘了 多灾多难的受情 就象那个古老的民族 给我温暖也给我耻辱

但那时我恋爱 只要在狂风中懂得挥起长矛 在月色下 也懂得柔情地爱抚 让爱情在小潮水里荡漾起桃花的韵律 让脉动含情 让爱的召唤与天地同响 让她幸福在疲惫的草地



Nature Conceived in Sunlight

Ma Ke

Nature conceived in sunlight
The firstborn dream
Was born in the dark venation
The son of earth thereby narrated
The joy and suffering of life

Flesh and blood this is our desired life
Water and wine this is our acclaimed craze
O, I forget that
The much-suffered love is just like the ancient nation
Which gives me warmth and disgrace as well

But I was in love then
So long as you know how to swing the long spear in gale
You'd also know how to fondle gently in the moonlight
Let love ripple to the rhythm of peach blossom in the tide
Let the pulse be affectionate
Let the call of love echo with the heaven and earth
Let her be happy on the tired meadow

我不愁没有喜悦 不愁没有大把的爱情 不怕背叛因为背叛还没有被命名

那时光芒澄澈 还没有蒙羞与受难 那时夜色如练 还不曾有阴谋入侵 还有苍鹰舒展的大羽 有风 自由自在地穿行 那时的灵魂不会因入夜而疲惫 那时的水与爱情共享 那时的喜悦还来不及忧伤

时间的觉悟者 那怕是石头的奋力一掷 也是真实的回响



I don't worry that there is no joy no big bunch of love I am not afraid of betrayal for it has not been named

The sunlight at that time was crystal
Not yet being humiliated and tortured
The light of night at that time was like white silk
Not yet being invaded by conspiracy
And still there was the goshawk spreading its wings
Soaring freely and lightheartedly in the wind
At that time the soul would not tire entering the night
At that time water and love share with each other
At that time gladness had no time to mourn

The one conscious of the time Even a hard fling of the stone Is a real echo

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第66期)

走过墓地

刘殿荣

那边 陵园,金碧辉煌 被人撅了 拿去考古

皇上 死不瞑目 珍珠 玛瑙 玉壶

这边 坟包,一群乌鸦 被香火 请来伴哭

庶民 梦也五谷 大豆 高粱 红薯

走过墓地的那一刻 不再乞求荣华富贵 不再留恋莺歌燕舞 只想带上种子 借着阳光 月光 春风 赶路

Walking Past the Graveyard

Liu Dianrong

Over there Is the glorious imperial cemetery Which was excavated For archeology

The king died Without closing his eyes All those pearls, agate and jade pots!

Over here
Are just grave mounds over which
A flock of crows are invited
By the burning incense to mourn

Ordinary people See grains of all kinds even in dream Soybean, sorghum, sweet potatoes

The moment I walk past the graveyard
I beg no more wealth and rank
I yearn no more for bird's singing and dancing
I just want to bring with me
The seeds and then hit the road
In the sunlight, moonlight and spring breeze

去那山 那水 那云 那雾 因为回头 不是岸 是墓

寻一桃源 让灵魂 早些 入土



For mountains, waters, clouds and mist

Because back there

Is no bank

But tomb

I want to find an arcadia To rest my soul in peace As soon As possible

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第84期)

走向黑暗

马科

创世纪的胚胎 我太需要这份厚重,怕轻了 容易迷失这人世 被有些微温的锋利句子刮走 重需要消磨 需要磨透父辈的老茧 礼之瓮中被盗窃一空的诗意与粮草

太需要这份厚重 那份远古云游八荒的黑 静坐异端的坟地 静待偶像冷却 独享这无限的空荡 独享鸟喙斧劈之前的苍茫

黑色的纯净 回归我 如母亲为我铺好的床 生命 并非活着的唯一道路 黑暗的入口处 我在回归的路上



Heading for the Darkness

Ma Ke

The embryo of Genesis
I long much for the massiness for fear that if it is light
I would be easily lost in this world or blown away by
some tepid sharp sentences
I need to fritter, to wear through the callus of our fathers
The poetic sentiment and provender stolen all away in the
urn of courtesy

I desire the messiness. That roaming dark in ancient times
The graveyard seated steadily waiting patiently for the
idol to cool down
The endless emptiness is enjoyed alone
Besides the vastness before being pecked and axed

Returns to me like the bed mother made for me
Life is not the only way to live
At the entrance to the darkness
I am on my way to return

死亡少女向我走来 拎着盛满野菊花的篮子 召我去向诗歌之地 容我静心写作 她温腕的手还有我初恋的余香 那一拨羞怯的黄土 还没有学会大声的赞美

光荣的烈焰 点亮我的额头 活着的技术已十分娴熟 开始吧,从今天开始学习死亡



vard me hemum

The Death Maid walks toward me
With a full basket of wild chrysanthemum
Calling me to go to the land of poetry to write peacefully
The lingering scent of my first love remains in her gentle
hands.

The handful of shy earth hasn't yet learnt to praise loudly

The glorious blaze
Lights my forehead
I am already very skilled in life
Let's start, start to learn about death from today

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第66期)

关于译者

木樨颜,本名颜海峰,男,曲阜人,常用笔名木樨颜、木樨黄谷、水中山,民盟盟员,北京外国语大学外国文学研究所博士研究生,山东政法学院副教授,山东省作家协会会员、英国比较文学研究会(BCLA)会员。同时担任中国比较文明学会理事、《国际诗歌翻译》季刊客座典籍英译专业委员会理事、《国际诗歌翻译》季刊客座总编、双语诗刊《诗殿堂》翻译执行主编、美国学术期刊《商务翻译》副主编等职。著有个人诗集《一页水山》《残忍月光》,译诗集《乡村往事》《生命》《梧桐树》《戏忍月光》,译诗集《乡村往事》《生命》《梧桐树》《城出太阳》《平原善辞》《空房子》《冰与火的对话》《徐春芳诗选》《神游》等及编著《中国古典诗歌精选精译》、"东西文翰大系"丛书等40余种,曾获2016年第四届中国当代诗歌奖翻译奖等。

王舒怡,女,赤峰人。山东政法学院英语学士,首都经济贸易大学翻译硕士研究生,国际学术期刊《商务翻译》编辑,译有双语诗集《乡村往事》《生命》《雨水》等。曾于 2018 年获中国外研杜杯阅读大赛二等奖、 2019年山东政法学院科技翻译比赛二等奖。热爱小提琴、hiphop。

Brent Yan, aka Yan Haifeng, born in Qufu, is a member of the Democratic League of China, a candidate doctor at the Institute of Foreign Literature of Beijing Foreign Studies University, an associate professor at Shandong University of Political Science and Law, a member of Shandong Writers' Association, and a member of the British Comparative Literature Association (BCLA). He is also the council of the Chinese Society for Comparative Civilization, the director of the English Translation of Chinese Classics Committee of the China Association for Comparative Studies of English and Chinese, the guest editor of *Renditions of International Poetry*,

executive translating editor of *Poetry Hall* and the deputy editor-in-chief of *Business Translation*. He is the author of two poetry collections, *A Page of Rill* and Hill and Cruel Moon, and the translator of poetry collections like Village Past, Life, Ode to the Plain, Phoenix Tree, Yell out the Sun, Vacant House, Mind Wanders, etc. He also compiled Translation of Classical Chinese Poetry and Orient-Occident Lit Collection (OOLC). He was awarded the translation prize of the 4th Chinese Contemporary Poetry Award in 2016, among many other awards.

Wang Shuyi, born in Chifeng, Inner Mongolia, is a candidate Master of Translation and Interpreting in Capital University of Economics and Business. She graduated from Shandong University of Political Science and Law as a Bachelor in Business English. She is an editor of the academic journal *Business Translation*, and translated 3 poetry collections: *Village Past, Life* and *Rainwater*. In 2018, she won the third prize in "China Foreign Research Cup Reading Contest". In 2019, she won the third prize in the "Technological English Translation Contest" hosted by the Shandong University of Political Science and Law. She likes playing violin and listening the hip-hop.

编后记 POSTSCRIPT

提笔写下这些文字时,本书的编选工作已接近尾声,颜 老师建议编者写点什么,以作说明,于是便有了这篇编后记。

《雨水》一书作为"木樨国际诗歌译丛"之一,收录了木樨颜发表于《世界诗人》(现名《国际诗歌翻译》)第 60-96 期上的译诗共 40 余首。虽篇目不多,但因所选诗歌皆介于 20-60 行,因此本书篇幅不算太小。

2021年10月份颜老师有意招募编者,将自己在《世界诗人》上发表过的部分译诗汇编成书。看到颜老师招募,我很心动,便毛遂自荐。幸得老师信任,加入了诗集的编审工作。但后续由于种种原因,计划搁置。如今幸而得到各方支持,我们重拾计划,并将起初的计划壮大,于是木樨国际诗歌译丛项目重新启动。作为编者,我在欣喜之余,也备受鼓舞,立即着手编选排版,以期丛书早日出版。

得益于大家前期做的精细的统计工作,本书的编选排版工作进行得十分顺利,耗时半月有余,只收录了颜老师发表于《世界诗人》季刊上 20-60 行的汉译英诗歌。鉴于版式要求和时间有限,在编选的过程中译者又对某些诗行进行了微调改译,以适应排版的需求。

诗集名取自于所收录的青海诗人曹有云的诗歌《雨水》。 一来寓意诗歌像雨水——雨水滋润万物,诗歌浸润人心;二 来则是因为,出于巧合,本书诗歌选定那天恰逢 2022 壬寅 虎年的雨水节气。春雨过,万物生,草木萌动,恰似以颜老 师为代表的青年诗歌翻译家的势头,不可阻挡。

本书的成功编选出版首先要感谢颜老师给予的信任和机会。作为还在翻译之路上摸索的学生,我们经常向老师请教,而他也总是悉心指导,循循善诱。不同于我所认识的其他老师,颜老师始终秉持"授人以渔"的教育方式,教我们动手,鼓励我们实践,从做中学,因此一直以来颜老师都在不断地为我们提供实践机会,在此再次向老师表示感谢!其次还要感谢丛书其他编者给予的帮助和配合。这套丛书总共有9册,涉及到我们16个人,需要我们通力协作,才能尽量把颜老师翻译的这四百首诗分别收录,而不产生较大的重复。我们需要即时沟通所选,在表格中标红已选。这确实是一个系统工程,不然仅凭任何一人的一己之力肯定不能在这么短的时间内完成本书的编选和排版。

所以,我们的编选会有一部分诗歌重叠,但各个主编所 选依据不同,也并不会让译丛给人以叠床架屋之感。在编写 过程中,编者对原诗和译文中可能的语法和拼写错误与译者 进行了沟通,并相应做出了修正,即便如此,仍不敢保证在 排版过程中出现新的错误和疏漏,在此特请认真细心的读者 监督反馈,提出宝贵意见,一并致谢!